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CONTENTS OF NO. X.

	PAGE
Poems and Translations	114
A Visit to Russia	115
Tyndall on Heat as a Mode of Motion .	117
A Dark Night's Work	118
Amelia Wilhelmina Sieveking	119
Letty Hyde's Lovers	119
St. Bernard and his Times	120
The Fate of a Year	121
Short Notices	121
A Quotation from Shakspeare	122
Gossip	122
Books published during the Week . . .	122

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SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1863.

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.*

IN the preface to his translation of Horace, reviewed last week in these columns, Mr. Conington states his thorough conviction that a 'really successful translator must be himself an original poet.' Is this the case? It is true that Dryden and Pope were original poets in the fullest sense, but it is questionable whether their originality did not interfere with their attainment of the highest mark as translators. Mr. Worsley, whose recent volume of poems lies before us, is in some measure an instance of the combination of original talent with great and valuable qualifications for a translator; but we are inclined to think that it is because he does not, to so full an extent as his glorious predecessors just named, feel 'the God within him,' and trust his own poetic inspirations, that he has achieved a success unexampled in this our day in his translation of the *Odyssey*. Publishers tell us, with a long face, that translations 'don't pay,' and yet 'Worsley's *Odyssey*' does pay, is sold, read, and appreciated. It is plain, then, at all events, that he is a successful translator, and that, too, in an unpoetic age, in a day when stern prose elbows out of the path the timid muse of poetry. And what is more, his '*Odyssey*' not only has a claim to a high place among existing versions of Homer in our language, but whatever changes may occur in public taste as to fitting metre, form, and diction, it is destined to maintain that place, as long as sweet sounds and rich melody find a welcome in the ears of our countrymen. But is he then the less an original poet? It is not as the translator of the '*Odyssey*' that he now is placed on his trial. He seeks our present verdict on the question of originality. And in doing so, he presents himself at disadvantage, as it seems to us, because he has been obliged to eke out a volume of the 'normal shape and size, by stowing into it some comparatively inferior productions, both original and translated, which to the casual reader, dipping here and there into the book, might give the impression that it possessed no more merit than the hundred and one green and gold covered volumes which annually pass a brief existence on the road from the printing-press to the buttermilk or the trunk-maker. But no one, who has a previous intimate acquaintance with the Spenserian translation of the '*Odyssey*,' which will, we suspect, be Mr. Worsley's chief title to remembrance, would be disposed to judge of this his more recent work hastily, or upon slender examination of it.

Of this we are sure, that had Worsley arisen in the place and time of Kirke White, he would have been welcomed warmly and widely, and have won equal if not greater measure of applause from a less prosaic age than ours. An examination of the volume before us will not only substantiate this view, but also show that, with unfeigned admiration for Mr. Worsley's talents, our estimate of him is neither biased nor partial in occasional remarks upon some poems or translations which we think have been done better by others, and might have been made more of by him.

The chief poems in this volume, two-thirds of which consist of original poetry, reprinted for the most part from '*Blackwood*,' are

* Poems and Translations. By Philip Stanhope Worsley. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons, 1863.

'Phaethon' and 'Narcissus,' subjects wrought out after classic models, and in a manner which proves Mr. Worsley's adherence to the belief that a poet's mind cannot be too deeply imbued with the riches of classic poetry. Critics have gone on for years urging young aspirants to mould their style after classic types; and here they have their maxim lovingly carried out. It would be hard indeed to take exception to the results of their own teaching. Yet the tendency is to be peering about for tokens of originality (which in such poems as 'Balder' are taken for granted, because nobody knows what to make of the whole production, and therefore it is set down as marvellous), and to turn up the whites of the eyes when in such a poem as Mr. Worsley's 'Phaethon' a classic tone and feeling subduces, softens, and subordinates the sense of originality. We confess that the spirit of Ovid seems to us fused into the strains of Worsley; yet an analysis of both, side by side, would show distinctly that the resemblance is in spirit rather than in ideas. Where aught is borrowed, fresh grace is often imparted to the original, and the vivid imagery of the Latin poet is not missed nor lacked in our young bard's occupation of the same ground. There is, for example, something both of old and new in the description near the outset of Phaethon's beholding, hard by the Sun-god's throne, 'the soft image of the lunar queen,' always a favourite topic with poets:—

'There, in mid choir, the orb of Artemis,
Lamp of the night, hung silvery, like that moon
Watched through her tears by a deserted maid
All night, who never tires of watching it,
But feigns a friendliness in that cold eye,
That only feeling heart in all the world.' P. 2.

As also in the subsequent description of the king himself, in his vest:—

'But all how void and bare to him that sat
In night imaginations, clothed with calm
Unutterable, through all his ample heart,
Sated with office, and the fiery cares
That haunted his day-labour. For, indeed,
Couch'd in those large and melancholy eyes
Brooded an awful emphasis of rest:
That tranquil self-perfection, without pain,
Which, in their far-off musings, mortal men
Though eloquently nurtured find no name
Wherewith to name, not even in sacred verse.' P. 3.

While we feel that here the theme is classic, and its treatment classical, it is impossible in both these passages not to hear echoes of Tennyson and Keats; not indeed so close as to indicate conscious imitations, but rather faint far-off snatches of kindred melody, caught up by highly cultivated ears, and set to words of their own heart's imagining. If indeed the charge of lack of originality is to lie at the door of Mr. Worsley, on any showing, it must be on the score of this semblance of imitation: but if, as we think, it is simply in sound and cadence that his verses recall poets to whom it were no shame to come nigh in song, the charge is one to be met with utter indifference. Indeed, he may plead guilty to lack of originality with our free consent, so long as he is constantly reproducing ideas borrowed from a wide range of well-read classical authors, and conveying them to English ears in a garb peculiarly his own. Those which we next quote from his 'Phaethon,' p. 7, and his 'Narcissus,' p. 25, will touch familiar chords in every scholar's heart:—

'And like the erring phantasm of a man
Slain traitorously and cast into the deep,
Who for the dread want of a little earth,
Cannot find rest, so rest was none for him.'

That is a picture of Phœbus disquieted by his daring son's request. Here is another expressing the bitterness of Narcissus against Love, who had made him his unwitting sport:—

'But whether thou wert born in Rhodope,
And sharp winds sang around thy couch of snow,
And thy young heart grew hard among the hills—
Or cradled in the warmth of tropic isles,
The softness of life corrupted thee,
Till, to wear out the languid summer hours,
Thou could'st not but be cruel to mankind—
Or whencesoever or of whom thou art—
Herein thou wast supremely merciless,
That the twin shafts, whose piercing should create
A mutual sympathy in different breasts,
Thou, without pity, at one single heart
Didst aim too surely.'

We have not room for so long a quotation, or we would fain have added to our illustrations of 'Phaethon' and 'Narcissus' the very beautiful lines in pp. 24-5, in which the gradual subjugation of the unsusceptible Narcissus to all-subduing Love is detailed. As one of our contemporaries has remarked, the Narcissus of Mr. Worsley is as 'summer twilight' after the 'summer noon' of his Phaethon; yet these figures are inadequate to express the contrast of the fiery heat of the one with the calm, sad fading away depicted in the other. To our minds, no passage is more beautiful in the whole volume than the closing one of the 'Narcissus':—

'Then after twilight the stars one by one
Peer'd from the broad blue curtain of the heavens,
And the blanched delicate features of the dead
Showed whiter in the broken misty light.
There he lay all night long, until the birds
Sang in the mirthful morning, and the sun,
Piercing a slant path through the woven green,
Rested upon a flower, ambrosial, sweet,
Alone in grace among the forest flowers;
And therein lay embalmed the love, the life,
Of that bright being, who, but yesterday,
Was beauty's youngest-born upon the earth.' P. 30.

Of some of the minor pieces which immediately follow, we are disposed to say no more than that we think their author will weed them out of any future edition. 'Versus Amor,' and 'Strong as Death,' are too much in the style of the old Byronic rant and frenzy to find favour or to deserve it. Indeed, between 'Narcissus' and 'Edith,' the intervening pages merit only the name and use of stop-gaps, unless, indeed, we except two headless poems of six stanzas each, in pp. 59-62, the purpose, drift, and expression of which are undoubtedly fine and noble. 'Edith,' itself one of the largest poems in the volume, is ill-chosen in subject, awkward to deal with, and, though relieved in parts by poetic description, yet anything but such a poem as ripe judgement would put forward as likely to win its author a fresh laurel. Little snatches of it, such as the picture of Edith,

'Happy child,
Roaming about in wild light-heartedness,
Free as a silver-footed waterfall,
Which down the bosom of a sun-lit crag
From ledge to ledge, with many a whitening curve,
Leaps in a luminous ecstasy of life,
Hurrying on weariless in a vain pursuit
For ever, and for ever vanishing
Gulf'd in the shingly sands, that far beneath
Spread smooth and shining with the ocean dew,'

p. 64,

are doubtless pretty and natural; but, really, the veriest boy who sets himself to commit mingled poetry and melodrama, knows all about the trick of such lines as these:—

'There came a handsome stranger to the place,
Skill'd in all *suasive* accents, *dark* and *tall*,
Who saw, and set his mark upon the house.'—P. 65.

Far more worth preservation and embalment is the little poem called 'Erinnys,' with its heading from the Eumenides of Æschylus (306-310), and we accord to that which follows it, 'The Search,' the praise of brevity and effectiveness combined. We were struck with it in 'Blackwood,' and it bears reading afresh: indeed, if instead of calling it 'The Search,' its author would christen it 'Down in the dell,' it might claim a lasting place in English lyrics of its peculiar class. Of the rest of the original poems, few are of a length to bear quotation. 'The Charge' will not do after Tennyson's 'Rode the Six Hundred.' It is harsh, feeble, poor. Better far, very noble in its way, is the stanza on Milton, and so are the stanzas to Wordsworth. These reveal the poet's bent and inner mind; these show us what he is, and of what he is capable; and judging from them and from other scattered hints as to that whereof he is made which we find in this volume, we should rejoice to see his life prolonged, to follow out in act the teaching of that serener code:—

'Which in a safe and stormless avenue
Teaches the humble to interpret God,
Which e'en by exaltation can subdue,
Chasten and thrill with light those evil dreams
Which made life's heavier meaning seem the true,
And change this desert to a land of streams.'

P. 103.

One of the latest poems in the original portion of the volume, called 'Hades,' has a certain charm and pathos about it, but it is one which forbids criticism, and of which some might say, and that not unreasonably, that it was not well to expose such holy themes to vulgar eye. The question is an open question. We have read and felt with the poet's self-accusing words:—

'Neglected sympathies of mutual prayer,
Words left unsaid that might have soothed a care,
The light acceptance, in some heedless hour,
Of tokens heavy with affection's power,
And all the coldness that mar our youth
Rise in the stern investiture of truth,
And haunt us with a load of vain regret—
God may forgive, we never can forget.'—P. 134.

The translated portion of the volume consists of extracts from the classical poets and from the Latin hymns. The largest translation, from Hom. II. vi. 390, &c., is a very hard trial-ground for Mr. Worsley. Pope has gone over it before him, and has left us his account of it in couplets, which every English man, woman, and child ought to know by heart. Pope's version of the parting of Hector and Andromache has no match that we know of, unless it be Dryden's. It is for Pope, too, wonderfully faithful. Worsley's blank verse is hardly up to Homer's mark, not grand, not sonorous enough—too matter of fact, too sober. Better far in their truthfulness and poetic flow is his version of Simonides (*οὐδὲν ἰν' ἀνθρώποισι μένει*, &c.), in which, reading *κῶρον*, as we suppose, for the usual *καῶρον* in verse 8, he translates:—

'Deaf hearts dream visions that must fade ere long;
His translation of the last elegy of Propertius, however, is a failure, both as to its choice of metre and also, as at the present time, in comparison with the free translation, by Sir E. W. Head, in a recent 'Frazer,' which has been reprinted in the 'Times,' one of the most touching versions with which modern literature has been enriched from the treasure houses of antiquity. True, Mr. Worsley's

version is but an exercise in translation, whilst under Sir E. Head's we detect the translator's tribute to the memory of a modern Cornelia, and ascribe his pathos in those Englished elegiacs to a sincere sympathy with no old-world Paulus. But a comparison of the two would be an exercise quite certain to repay the trouble and time spent upon it. We commend the statesman's version to the perusal of the young scholar.

The translations from Horace, three in number, are among the best in the volume. The palinode, 'O matre pulchrâ' is better done by Worsley than by the Oxford professor; on the other hand we think the tables are turned in 'Love renewed' (Hor. Od. III. ix. p. 164), a comparison of which with Conington, p. 79, will result, we think, in a verdict in favour of the latter.

Little space is left us to speak of the translations from the Latin hymnists. Our contemporaries seem inclined to praise them. All that we can say is that the 'Dies Ire' is a perilous experiment, and we have seen many better failures than this. No inconsiderable acquaintance with Latin hymnology and practice in translating from it leads us to think that the 'Resurrection,' p. 189-90, and the 'Day of Death,' p. 205-7, might be done, and have been done into English verse better.

But these translations do not affect the question of originality; they do not make or mar Mr. Worsley's claims to be a poet indeed. We are disposed to give our vote, if it be of any worth, in his favour. He is well up in the second rank. May his health be restored, and his life spared, to enable him to reach, in due season, the topmost round of the ladder of poetic fame!

A VISIT TO RUSSIA.*

THE Russian tour of Mr. Moor gives us the first impressions of an intelligent traveller in a country until recently comparatively but little known. Mrs. Moor accompanied her husband on his rapid trip. The couple were 'model travellers.' They had a keen appreciation of the enjoyments, and a seeming disregard of the anxieties and fatigues of their journey. Lightly undertaken, lightly accomplished, and lightly related, Mr. Moor's visit is as pleasant to read of as it was, doubtless, to perform. Accepting an invitation from a Russian friend, Mr. Moor reached Wilna by way of Cologne and Berlin. From the half Polish town of Wilna, the travellers proceeded to Pskoff, and thence posted to the residence of their friend, a distance of about eighty miles. The drivers know no pace between a walk and a gallop; the progress, therefore, is either disagreeably rapid or miserably slow. Posting is cheap, in consequence of the government paying an annual sum to the postmasters towards the expense of maintaining horses, so that the wealthy classes, who alone use this mode of conveyance, get half their travelling expenses borne by the unhappy tax-payers. The late Emperor Nicholas was an impatient traveller himself, as the following anecdote will show:—

'A story is told of the late Emperor Nicholas, whose carriage broke down near this place about ten years ago. Although his Majesty could have taken any one of the numerous carriages of his suite, he preferred remaining here until one could be sent from St. Petersburg. To quicken the movements of his coachmaker, *et pour encourager les autres*, he telegraphed to St. Petersburg to arrest

and imprison the coachmaker who had supplied him with the unlucky one until another carriage arrived at Katergna, which, it is needless to say, made its appearance in a very short space of time.'

Tea is the principal beverage in Russia, and is very superior to that obtained in this country. The author attributes this to a different mode of preparation. It is drunk as soon as the boiling water is poured on it, whilst we allow the infusion to stand until it becomes bitter. The price for the better kinds is extremely high:—

'When at Petersburg, we bought a small quantity of a fine sample of caravan tea, for which we paid at the rate of thirty-eight shillings the pound, but, of course, this was one of the fancy sorts, and not that which is in common use, which costs about six shillings and sixpence the pound. At the shop where we bought this tea, we were informed that they had some as high as seventy shillings the pound.'

The following extract describes a Russian village:—

'The houses of the peasants are all constructed of wood, and their great enemy is fire. To guard against its ravages, in some of the villages I saw painted on the houses, here a bucket, there a ladder, then an axe, and so on—those being the different implements which the occupiers are bound to have ready, and to bring with them on the alarm of fire being given. As education is rather a scarce commodity among the working classes, these symbols are used as a substitute for writing, which would be useless.

In each village, however small, there is usually a chapel. This building contains a picture of the Saviour or Virgin, and is opened only once a year by the priest, the day on which he does so being a fixed one, and kept as the annual fête-day of the village. The people are not allowed to go into the building, but stand outside worshipping. The men rarely pass it without taking off their hats and crossing themselves.'

The mysteries of a Russian bath are thus unfolded:—

'Having heard in England and Germany no end of yarns about the Russian mode of bathing, which, by the way, I had always looked upon as a sort of traveller's story, and being told that, as this was Saturday, I might see this bathing with my own eyes, I determined to do so; so, having enlisted the gentlemen for the interesting expedition and exhibition, we betook ourselves in the evening to a sunny spot on the river's side to see what was to be seen. Four wooden huts were pointed out on the opposite side of the river, about two hundred yards up its bank, distinguishable from the other houses of the village principally by the marks of smoke over their entrance doors. Three of these huts were used by the men, and the other by the women; in them they lie down on a sort of wooden platform close to, and some part of it over, a large oven, which is made nearly red-hot, and upon and into which pails of cold water are from time to time thrown. The steam is thus got up to a pretty considerable extent, and the heat of course becomes very great. I subsequently tried one of these affairs, but found it impossible to remain much more than a minute. The peasants, however, endure the process for some twelve or fifteen minutes, striking themselves all the time with small branches of trees or shrubs, and rubbing, or rather scrubbing, their bodies with what they call *Ma-chalka*. This is made from the inner bark of the birch-tree, cut up and shredded, and looking not unlike so much string; not that it feels like it, however, for its firmer quality gives it a scratching power, which effectually cleans the skin, and makes it tingle again.

'Having used this for a time, they pass their hands over their limbs, peeling away, as it was described to me, the outer skin, by which I suppose is meant the accumulated impurities.

'After they had been in these huts some twenty

* A Visit to Russia. By Henry Moor. London: Chapman & Hall. 1863.

minutes, we saw the men, and the women too, running from them down the bank to the river, into which they threw themselves, remaining in the water about three minutes.

We are informed, however, that this excessive ablution is not entirely unnecessary, inasmuch as the luxury of a bath is indulged in only once a week or on fête-days. The Russian peasant besides seldom divests himself of his clothes. In retiring to bed, he takes off his shoes only.

The ceremony of a betrothal among the Russians is celebrated in the following manner:—

‘After the circle-dance had gone on for some time, another smaller one within it was formed, consisting of about fourteen men and women, all supposed to be related one to the other. After a few preliminaries, one of the men advanced, leading out one of the women. After going through several ceremonious steps and figures, he presented her with a handkerchief, kissed her three times, and returned her to her place. This woman was the mother of one of the younger ones in the circle, and as she had received the handkerchief, and had not objected ostensibly to the kisses, the man was emboldened to lead out the daughter. The couple then went through many steps and captivating figures, now advancing, and then bashfully retiring. At last the man dropped the fatal handkerchief which was to decide his lot, and, of course, the girl, like most other girls in all parts of the world seeking an establishment of their own, picked it up quickly and presented it to her future *caro sposo*, whereupon the kissing, that pleasant heart’s language of all countries, was very liberally, and this time more ardently, administered to the young lady, who, I must say, received and returned it in a very generous spirit, notwithstanding the publicity of the locale. And so the betrothal of this couple was completed. A liberal distribution of whisky all round by our kind-hearted hostess seemed to be as much relished by the dancers as the kissing had been by the select few, and so that ceremony was finished.’

While a visitor at the house of his friend, the governor of the province was also a guest. The details of his leave-taking are somewhat amusing:—

‘On the following morning, his Excellency being obliged to return to his seat of government, took leave in what I was informed was the regular Russian mode. Having ascertained that all was ready for his departure, the governor came into the drawing-room where we were all assembled, and took his seat, silence being observed by all present. A few minutes having elapsed, he rose and crossed himself. This is the signal for leave-taking. Every one then rose, and the adieus were made. We accompanied him to the door, where we found his carriage waiting with six post-horses; the drivers had ornamented their hats with flowers and peacocks’ feathers in his Excellency’s honour. The peacock’s feather is very much in vogue with this class, but is rarely sported except on special occasions.’

The author soon afterwards quitted the hospitality of his friend, and travelled, the greater part of the way by rail, to Moscow. The carriages are exceedingly comfortable, and the comforts of the ‘inner man’ seem to be amply considered during the journey:—

‘They are fitted up with a great regard to the convenience and ease of the passengers, who, except for eating and drinking, need not quit them during the journey, however long.’

In Moscow our travellers stayed some little time, and conscientiously ‘did’ all the various sights of the city. Religious processions are curious sights to an Englishman.

‘Here we saw a tremendous procession of priests. One of the two Archbishops of Moscow was going to mass, accompanied by nearly two hundred eccle-

siastics, besides men bearing banners and images, machines that looked for all the world like small square four-post bedsteads adorned with white silk curtains, other machines that resembled small round temples, the contents of which, whatever they were, were concealed by red curtains drawn closely round; and other contrivances, of which the names were unlearnable, and the description difficult. The mounted gendarmes in their light blue uniforms; the priests, with their long, wild-looking hair hanging down their backs, and enormous beards flowing over their breasts, looking not overclean, decked out in robes of all the colours of the rainbow, and of some colours, too, which the rainbow has not, and worked in gold and silver thread, presented a *tout ensemble* not to be seen, perhaps, in any other country; whilst the bareheaded crowds that lined the streets and followed the procession afforded unmistakable evidence, by their earnest and respectful demeanour, that they felt their religion in a greater degree than did some of the priests, who were laughing in no very decorous manner, even while intoning in public the services of their Church.’

The author gives a pleasant account of his visit to the Kremlin:—

‘A certain feeling of annoyance obtained with us at the way in which we were hurried over the inspection of objects on which we should have liked to dwell. A servant in livery accompanies the visitors in their progress through the building, and upon his tastes they are altogether dependent. For instance, there is a whole-length portrait of Catherine II., in military uniform, on horseback. True, as a work of art it is not first rate, and the lady is riding *en cavalier*, which at this day is not the fashion as it was in hers; still, as the likeness of a once great and powerful sovereign—somehow or other we felt that it must be a faithful likeness—it was natural that we should have wished to study it. No time, however, was allowed for this, whilst in the next room we should have been allowed to waste a quarter of an hour in inspecting a great ugly pair of jack-boots, made with his own hands by Peter the Great; a curious relic, no doubt, as the work of imperial hands, but not worth, in that museum, more than a passing look. . . . We got a glimpse, and that was all, of the crown of Poland, which is of polished gold, quite plain, with a cross on its top, and the crown of Vladimir II., of filigree gold, ornamented with pearls and precious stones, and which was used at the coronation of the Czars, until Peter the Great took it into his head to have a new fashioned one—which we afterwards saw at St. Petersburg. . . . There was the chair in which Charles XII. is said to have been carried from the battle of Pultava, when he had his leg wounded by a shot, and also the state carriages of former sovereigns, with Anna Petrovna’s curious garden chair and Napoleon’s travelling carriage, which would have been passed by in the same scrambling manner, had we not pulled short up and insisted on asking whose they had been.’

Leaving Moscow they journeyed to Nijni-Novgorod, where they arrived during the great fair. The apartments provided for them at their hotel do not seem to have extorted, or indeed deserved, their highest admiration:—

‘These consisted of two middle-sized single-bedded rooms, without washing apparatus, for which we were to pay one guinea a day, and tenpence for the use of the sheets—these latter, in that part of the world, being considered a superfluous luxury. . . .

‘As to the washing apparatus, we very soon had that put right, and basins, jugs, and towels were produced by degrees, one after the other. It is wiser in these cases not to disturb or overbalance the attendant’s mind or nerves by asking for everything at once. We had found out that the custom amongst the mass is to wash at a small spout, the Russians, for some reason, preferring running water for their ablutions. This spout is “open to all, and influenced by none.” Excepting amongst

the higher classes, it may be safely doubted whether washing is a very favourite recreation. As a Russian friend said, it saves a deal of trouble not to bother yourself about washing on a journey, and you soon get used to the want of it. At the time I thought he was joking, but after observation changed my opinion.’

The account of the great fair at Novgorod is very interesting:—

‘The fair commences at the end of June, and lasts for two months. The resident population of Nijni is about twenty-four thousand; but during the fair this number is increased to close upon four hundred thousand, made up of people from all parts of Russia, and other countries. I was told that the fair this year was the largest ever known, and that the value of the goods taken there for sale could not have been much under nine millions sterling.

‘These goods and merchandise appear to comprise everything that was ever made or heard of. There was tea from China, and Russian wine and brandy; there were turquoises from Bokhara, and Russian train-oil and caviar; there was wool from Cashmere and Russian hempen textures; carpets and raw silk from Persia, and silks and cottons from China; refined sugar from Archangel, and soap from Kazan; there were horses’ hides and dried fish, porcelain and washed rags, glass and mirrors, paper, horses’ tails, furs, worked skins, and copper goods, coffee and cochineal, feathers and drugs, hogs’ bristles, tobacco, ceintures and slippers, of which two latter we became purchasers to a small extent: in fact, there was nothing one could not buy, from a handspike to a handkerchief.

‘We “did,” as it is called, the fair thoroughly, and one of us was extremely glad when that desideratum had been finally obtained, and he was enabled to rest from his labours. The clouds of dust and the heat of the sun were a drawback on personal comfort, and, as before said, there is not much in the fair to interest the general tourist. To those, however, who are amused by the gregarious assembling of Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics, the scene presented at the New Town entrance to the bridge of boats which divides the two towns would afford great attractions. The traffic and crowd at this spot are beyond description. London bridge is thronged in its overflow by carriages, cabs, and carts; the bridge at Nijni is thronged by human beings, vehicles being rather the exception. Order is preserved by foot and mounted Cossack soldiers, whose chief arm is a whip. We did not see it administered, but it was held apparently quite ready for any emergency. The mob, for it could be called by no other name, was very dense, and comprised people of all sorts, sizes, colours, and costumes. The round English hat, the Armenian high-peaked cap, the turban, and the labourer’s hat, which could only be likened to Paddy’s from Cork without a rim, were all jumbled up together in the most ludicrous confusion; but I do not think I saw one solitary specimen of the fair sex amongst all that crowd; notwithstanding which, there was no end of chattering, and some small amount of squabbling.’

Mr. and Mrs. Moor, after leaving Novgorod, proceeded by rail to St. Petersburg. Amongst their earliest duties was, of course, a visit to the Winter Palace:—

‘The front of the palace extends upwards of seven hundred English feet, is almost square, and is three stories high. We were shown a corner room looking on the river, which his present Majesty uses as his own particular one, and where he transacts his daily work. When the imperial family are residing here, it is said that upwards of six thousand people are quartered in the building. The room, or rather hall, in which the Empress receives her guests, has its walls almost covered with gold; but St. George’s Hall, in which there is a magnificent throne, is the chief apartment. It is one hundred and fifty feet long by sixty feet wide, and, although not appearing to advantage,

in consequence of the numbers of workmen engaged in the redecoration, is one of the most splendid and noble apartments we had ever seen, and it is in this that the Emperor receives the foreign ambassadors. Near this hall is a picture-gallery of the generals who served during the invasion of 1812 and the subsequent battles, and beyond it is the Field-Marshal's gallery, in which "our Duke" has a permanent place.

In a part of the palace, away from these grand public rooms, we were shown into a small apartment which the late Emperor used as his bedroom, and in which he died. The furniture was simple enough, with a small camp bed without curtains, at the head of which, on the wall, was a picture of a favourite daughter, whilst on his writing and toilet tables everything, down to his pocket-handkerchief, was left as he had used them just before his death.

The succeeding anecdote illustrates a case of Russian *kleptomania* :—

From one of the treasure-rooms in this building, notwithstanding the attendant's presence, was stolen, some few years ago, a very valuable ring. This, as we were informed, was sold by the thief to a jeweller, who sold it again to some one who made it a present to one of the members of the imperial family. It was immediately recognised, enquiries set on foot, and the thief discovered. As he was of considerable standing and position, the matter was, as is not unusual in Russia, hushed up, and but few people know his name.

Smoking is prohibited in the streets, and every opportunity is seized of indulging in the fragrant weed out of all reach of police interference. The railway carriages become thus perfectly intolerable. But the habit was by no means confined to the members of the sterner sex :—

I was surprised to see, whilst travelling, so many elegant young women, evidently of the higher class, availing themselves of the stoppage of the trains to get out and have a smoke. It did not look nice to see them go to work in the methodical way they set about it. Out came a great he-looking cigar-case and a light-striking machine, and in a brace of shakes those pretty lips were disfigured with a black-looking cigar, from which ascended clouds of smoke, rendering them unpleasant to approach for the rest of the day. However, as their husbands did not appear to object, I suppose no one else need do so.

The travellers, after a slight *contretemps* with reference to their passport, overcome by a judicious friend, crossed once more the frontier, and again reached Berlin. The record of their journey is an exceedingly pleasant one, and is rendered still more complete by a number of well executed lithographic illustrations of the scenery of the country, and costumes of the people.

TYNDALL ON HEAT AS A MODE OF MOTION.*

THE grand aim of Professor Tyndall's eloquent book is to propound and enforce a new theory to account for the varied phenomena of 'Heat.' Till lately, heat has been generally assumed to be a material, but subtle fluid incarcerated in the inter-atomic spaces of all bodies. As this theory seemed to account for the most of the thermal phenomena, it was, with a few eminent exceptions, admitted to be on the whole satisfactory. The development of heat by mechanical means has, however, been always a difficulty in connection with the material hypothesis. There

* Heat considered as a Mode of Motion, being a Course of Twelve Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in the season of 1862. By John Tyndall, F.R.S. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

seems, in fact, no limit to the generation of heat by mechanical means; and hence the materialists have been always puzzled to explain this in accordance with their theory. So unsatisfactory have their explanations appeared to not a few, that many natural philosophers have entirely discarded the idea of heat being a substance. They regard it not as a material entity, but as a mere condition of matter. They assume it to be a species of motion or clashing of atoms. In accordance with this theory, Professor Tyndall says that heat is 'a motion of the ultimate particles of matter.' This is the very essence of his philosophy.

We are unable in one article to give our readers anything like an idea of the marvellous eloquence and fertility of illustration with which he explains this dynamical theory of heat. We can merely present, in a very brief, condensed form a few of his arguments; and, as far as our space will allow, we shall give his illustrations in his own language.

Thermometrical heat is generated and consumed in all mechanical processes. This development of heat Professor Tyndall regards as merely the result of molecular motion—the motion of the ultimate particles of the body subjected to mechanical motion. Every one knows that heat is generated when friction is overcome. The materialists say that the heat has been forced out from its atomic lurking-place. Professor Tyndall explains the phenomena as follows :—

In the development of heat by friction, the heat produced is the measure of the force expended in overcoming the friction. The heat is simply the primitive force in another form; and if we wish to avoid this conversion, we must abolish the friction. We usually put oil upon the surface of a home; we grease a saw; and are careful to lubricate the axles of our railway carriages. What are we really doing in these cases? Let us get general notions first; we shall come to particulars afterwards. It is the object of a railway engineer to urge his train bodily from one place to another—say from London to Edinburgh, or from London to Oxford, as the case may be; he wishes to apply the force of his steam, or of his furnace, which gives tension to the steam, to this particular purpose. It is not his interest to allow any portion of that force to be converted into another form of force which would not further the attainment of his object. He does not want his axles heated, and hence he avoids as much as possible expending his power in heating them. In fact, he has obtained his force from heat, and it is not his object to reconvert the force thus obtained into its primitive form. For, for every degree of temperature generated by the friction of his axles, a definite amount would be withdrawn from the urging force of his engine. *There is no force lost absolutely.* Could we gather up all the heat generated by the friction, and could we apply it all mechanically, we should by it be able to impart to the train the precise amount of speed which it had lost by the friction. Thus, every one of those railway porters whom you see moving about with his can of yellow grease, and opening the little boxes which surround the carriage axles, is, without knowing it, illustrating a principle which forms the very solder of nature. In so doing he is unconsciously affirming both the convertibility and the indestructibility of force. He is practically asserting that mechanical energy may be converted into heat, and that when so converted it cannot still exist as mechanical energy, but that for every degree of heat developed, a strict and proportional equivalent of the locomotive force of the engine disappears. A station is approached, say at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour; the brake is applied, and smoke and sparks issue from the wheel on which it presses. The train is brought to rest. How? Simply by converting the entire moving force which it possessed at the moment the brake was applied, into heat.

Not only is heat invariably generated by mechanical action, but the amount of heat produced

bears, in all cases, an absolute relation to the producing force. We cannot describe the ingenious processes by which this law has been demonstrated. It is enough to say, that no other principle in philosophy has been more clearly established than this. *The absolute amount of heat generated by the same expenditure of power, is in all cases and conditions the same.* This law, which has been called 'the mechanical equivalent of heat,' is regarded by the author as demonstrating irrefragably the dynamical theory. In connection with this point we shall extract a passage, in which he treats of impact or collision. In speaking of the heat which is produced by velocity, he says :—

If we double the velocity of a projectile, we augment the heat generated, when its moving force is destroyed four-fold; if we treble its velocity, we augment the heat nine-fold; if we quadruple the velocity, we augment the heat sixteen-fold; and so on. If, therefore, we know the velocity and weight of any projectile, we can calculate, with ease, the amount of heat developed by the destruction of its moving force. For example, knowing, as we do, the weight of the earth, and the velocity with which it moves through space, a simple calculation would enable us to determine the exact amount of heat which would be developed, supposing the earth to be stopped in its orbit. We could tell, for example, the number of degrees which this amount of heat would impart to a globe of water equal to the earth in size. Mayer and Helmholtz have made this calculation, and found that the quantity of heat generated by this colossal shock, would be quite sufficient, not only to fuse the entire earth, but to reduce it, in great part, to vapour. Thus, by the simple stoppage of the earth in its orbit "the elements" might be caused "to melt with fervent heat." The amount of heat thus developed would be equal to that derived from the combustion of fourteen globes of coal, each equal to the earth in magnitude. And if, after the stoppage of its motion, the earth should fall into the sun, as it assuredly would, the amount of heat generated by the blow would be equal to that developed by the combustion of 5,600 worlds of solid carbon.

The author's explanation of the phenomena of combustion, forms one of the most interesting and thoughtful sections of the book. There is, perhaps, no other part of his argument in which he has been more successful; and if his exposition is not entirely satisfactory, we are sure that every intelligent thoughtful reader must feel convinced that Professor Tyndall has not only presented, what seems on the whole to be a philosophic explanation of combustion, but, in doing so, *he has gone far to establish the dynamical theory of heat.* Combustion he assumes to be the result of impact or collision between the oxygen of the air and the constituent particles of combustible matter. Under certain conditions, the oxygen and the particles clash and impinge against each other, whence light and heat result from the conflict :—

When steel filings are scattered in a flame, star-like scintillations are produced by the combustion of the steel. The steel is first heated till the attraction between it and the oxygen becomes sufficiently strong to cause them to combine, and these rocket-like flashes are the result of their collision. It is the impact of the atoms of the oxygen against the atoms of sulphur which produces the flame observed when sulphur is burned in oxygen or air; to the collision of the same atoms against phosphorus are due the intense heat and dazzling light which result from the combustion of phosphorus in oxygen gas. In fact, *all cases of combustion are to be ascribed to the collision of atoms which have been urged together by their mutual attractions.*

When a diamond is heated to redness and then plunged into a jar containing oxygen gas, on entering the oxygen it brightens and glows, like a little terrestrial star, with a pure white flame. How are we to figure the action going on in the jar? Exactly as we would present to our minds the conception of meteorites showering down upon the

sun. The conceptions are, in quality, the same, and to the intellect the one is not more difficult than the other. We are to figure the atoms of oxygen showering against the diamond on all sides. They are urged to it by what is called chemical affinity; but this force, made clear, presents itself to the mind as pure attraction of the same mechanical quality, if we may use the term, as gravity. Every oxygen atom as it strikes the surface, and has its motion of translation destroyed by its collision with the carbon, *assumes the motion which we call heat*; and this heat is so intense, the attractions exerted at these molecular distances are so mighty, that the gem is kept white-hot, and the compound, formed by the union of its atoms with those of the oxygen, flies away as carbonic acid gas.*

We cannot follow the author through the varied multiplicity of proofs and illustrations by which he endeavours to demonstrate that heat is not matter, but a mere condition of matter. He proclaims with emphasis that it 'is not the clash of winds,' neither is it the quiver of a flame, nor the ebullition of water, nor the rising of a thermometric column, nor the motion which animates steam as it rushes from a boiler in which it has been compressed. All these are mechanical motions into which the motion of heat may be converted; but heat itself is *molecular motion*; it is an oscillation of ultimate particles. But such particles, when closely grouped, cannot oscillate without communication of motion from one to the other. In conformity with the dynamical theory, conduction is assumed to be a mere oscillation of the particles of the conducting body. When a bar of iron is brought in contact with a heated body, the particles of the iron which first receive the heat, are thrown into a state of intense oscillation; the tremulous atoms impinge against their neighbours, while these in their turn transmit their oscillations to their fellows, and thus the molecular disturbance passes along the bar, developing heat in the process. This molecular transfer of heat, atom transmitting it onwards to atom, is called *conduction*. We shall give an extract as an illustration of the author's treatment of this part of his subject, and to show how he demonstrates this theory from the conductivity of substances:—

'The transmission of heat is powerfully influenced by the mechanical state of the body through which it passes. Take a piece of asbestos, which is composed of certain silicates in a fibrous condition; place it on your hand, and on it you may place a red-hot ball with perfect impunity. The asbestos intercepts the heat. The reason why it should do so is evident; for, *heat being motion, anything which disturbs the continuity of the molecular chain, along which the motion is conveyed, must affect the transmission*. In the case of the asbestos, the fibres of the silicates are separated from each other by spaces of air; to propagate itself, therefore, the motion has to pass from the silicate to the air, a very light body, and again from the air to the silicate, a comparatively heavy body; and it is easy to see that the transmission of motion through this composite texture must be very imperfect. In the case of an animal's fur, this is more especially the case; for here, not only do spaces of air intervene between the hairs, but the hairs themselves, unlike the fibres of the asbestos, are very bad conductors. Lava has been known to flow over a layer of ashes underneath which was a bed of ice, and the non-conductivity of the ashes has saved the ice from fusion.'

We dare not follow the author in his exposition of *radiant heat*. We can convey no adequate conception of the matchless eloquence with which he has discussed this part of his subject. We gladly add that the eloquence is accompanied by the clear judicious candour of the master of philosophy. From this part of the work we shall give as a concluding extract his theory of the possible sources of the solar energy:—

'How is the perennial loss of the sun made

good? We are apt to overlook the wonderful in the common. Possibly to many of us—and even to some of the most enlightened among us—the sun appears as a fire, differing from our terrestrial fires only in the magnitude and intensity of its combustion. But what is the burning matter which can thus maintain itself? All that we know of cosmical phenomena declares our brotherhood with the sun—affirms that the same constituents enter into the composition of his mass as those already known to chemistry. But no earthly substance with which we are acquainted—no substance which the fall of meteors has landed on the earth—would be at all competent to maintain the sun's combustion. The chemical energy of such substances would be too weak, and their dissipation would be too speedy. Were the sun a solid block of coal, and were it allowed a sufficient supply of oxygen, to enable it to burn at the rate necessary to produce the observed emission, it would be utterly consumed in 5,000 years. On the other hand, to imagine it a body originally endowed with a store of heat—a hot globe, now cooling—necessitates the ascription to it of qualities wholly different from those possessed by terrestrial matter. If we knew the specific heat of the sun, we could calculate its rate of cooling. Assuming this to be the same as that of water—the terrestrial substance which possesses the highest specific heat—at its present rate of emission, the entire mass of the sun would cool down 15,000° Fahr. in 5,000 years. In short, if the sun be formed of matter like our own, some means must exist of restoring to him his wasted power.'

The author, after reviewing some of the possible means by which the solar energy may be restored, discusses the Meteoric Theory, and seems to indicate a preference for it, as being the most probable:—

'Solar space is peopled with ponderable objects. Besides comets, and planets, and moons, a numerous class of bodies belong to our system,—asteroids, which, from their smallness, might be regarded as cosmical atoms. Like the planets and the comets, these smaller bodies obey the law of gravity, and revolve in elliptic orbits round the sun; and it is they, when they come within the earth's atmosphere, that, fired by friction, appear to us as meteors and falling stars. From the phenomena of light and heat, we learn that the universe is filled by a resisting medium, through the friction of which all the masses of our system are drawn gradually to the sun. And though the larger planets show, in historic times, no diminution of their periods of revolution, this may not hold good for the smaller bodies. It is easy to calculate both the maximum and the minimum velocity imparted by the sun's attraction to an asteroid circulating round him; the maximum is generated when the body approaches the sun from an infinite distance; the *entire pull* of the sun being then expended upon it; the minimum is that velocity which would barely enable the body to revolve round the sun close to his surface. The final velocity of the former, just before striking the sun, would be 390 miles a second, that of the latter 276 miles a second. The asteroid, on striking the sun with the former velocity, would develop more than 9,000 times the heat generated by the combustion of an equal asteroid of coal; while the shock, in the latter case, would generate heat equal to that of the combustion of upwards of 4,000 such asteroids. It matters not, therefore, whether the substances falling into the sun be combustible or not; their being combustible would not add sensibly to the tremendous heat produced by their mechanical collision. Here then we have an agency competent to restore his lost energy to the sun, and to maintain a temperature at his surface which transcends all terrestrial combustion.'

We have given enough, we trust, to induce our readers to study the work for themselves. No condensation could possibly do justice to the author's argument and powerful generalisation, and no extract could give a fair idea of the won-

drous eloquence and ability with which the whole subject is expounded. A querulous criticism might say that the language is over-coloured for a scientific treatise; but we must remember for what purpose the book was written. The grand aim of the author is to present the principles of his philosophy in language that may be intelligible to an audience of 'ordinary culture.' This being his design, he has accomplished his purpose with rare ability.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.*

WERE every novelist to be as tenacious as Mr. Fullom in guarding his own plots and schemes, it would be difficult for any story-teller to gain an honest livelihood in the exercise of his craft. Every adventure and every situation which his invention suggested might be traceable to some other source, and it would be necessary for him to read every novel that ever existed to avoid plagiarism. The hardship of this course would perhaps reduce the number of tales very greatly, and would therefore be a benefit to the community; but it would unfortunately fetter the imagination of many excellent novelists, who, without possessing great powers of construction, write capital readable stories, that we should be sorry to lose. This remark is suggested by the novel under notice, which coincides in its principal feature rather strikingly with the plot of 'Paul Ferroll.' In 'A Dark Night's Work,' the hero, who is an intellectual, accomplished man, almost accidentally commits a murder, which at the time is concealed. His daughter and a faithful servant are, however, privy to it, and after the murderer's death the latter is tried for the crime, and is condemned to death. The daughter, who is travelling abroad, hurries home, commits the secret to the judge, and saves the servant's life. Paul Ferroll, an intellectual, accomplished man, it will be remembered, murders his wife, and confesses the murder at the trial of a servant who had been found guilty of the deed. In these respects the stories resemble each other, and, as Mr. Fullom would observe, also in the name of the principal lady, which in each book is Ellinor. We, however, attach no importance whatever to their points of contact, and only draw attention to them to save some one else the trouble, and to prove how different works may be in their essential character which are superficially alike. Mrs. Gaskell would doubtless reply to any charge that might be brought against her, that she never had the pleasure of reading 'Paul Ferroll,' and we should quite believe her, while advising at the same time an instant perusal of one of the best novels ever written. To return, however, the consequences which ensue from the awful catastrophe in 'A Dark Night's Work' are quite original, and have no sort of likeness to 'Paul Ferroll.' Ellinor, a beautiful loving girl, loses her betrothed, a rising young barrister, and her life becomes a wreck. Her father dies a confirmed drunkard, and leaves her hardly sufficient maintenance. The picture of desolation which overtakes the young girl's life is most touchingly told, and arouses our warmest sympathy. Peace at last, however, comes to her in a marriage with a young curate, who had proposed on the night of the murder, and to whom she was then quite indifferent. She accepts his hand, as that of a protector who knows her trials and respects her grief. The young barrister who pledged his love when a boy, becomes a judge, and tries the servant for the murder. He receives Ellinor's confession that her father committed the deed, and then learns that this was the secret which he had dreaded, and which had caused their separation. As the lofty judge looks at his formal, cold, and grand wife in velvet, and at his late betrothed in poor attire, he sighs to think what he lost when he deserted his beautiful Ellinor, and casts back a look of regret upon his ambitious career, for which he had sacrificed his affections. Ellinor, as we said, marries the faithful curate, now a canon, and we part with

* A Dark Night's Work. By Mrs. Gaskell. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1863.

her on a lawn, where may be seen two rosy children at play, and the good and faithful servant, who had so nearly lost his life for his master.

The book is truly charming, and it is with real regret that we part with characters in whom we feel such a warm interest. We linger over the last pages, and try to find some word or passage that may throw a little more light on the persons that have been our companions in their troubles. Mrs. Gaskell makes no attempt to present very forcible or original characters. They are merely natural sort of people that belong to our own experience, and whose good and bad fortunes enlist our sympathies at once. It is because they are neither excessively virtuous nor excessively vicious that we like them so much. They are not the victims of wonderful conspiracies or complicated accidents, but pass through such afflictions as might come home to any of us.

Mrs. Gaskell possesses certainly a power of fascination that no other contemporary writer can pretend to. Her means are decidedly simple. She makes no display of very fine or powerful writing, and her characters are not photographed in that minute manner now so popular. Her situations and scenes are never very dramatic, and in some cases almost weak. The murder in the "Dark Night's Work" is an instance. Two gentlemen are heard talking together — one gives the other a push, and he is dead. Considering that the action of the story hinges on this scene, and that the murderer was an easy, charming man, from whom we little expected such a deed, it might have been stronger. It is sometimes rather difficult to realise the consequences of a certain act, when the act itself is lightly described. But Mrs. Gaskell, no doubt, prides herself on this manner of conducting her story. Every event of importance is lightly passed over, and we hear in a single line of the death of a person whose life has occupied half the book.

We have no doubt, however, that Mrs. Gaskell's notions of art are quite right; for how otherwise could she produce a work that enchants us from its first page, and makes us grieve at arriving at its last? The result is the best answer to the critic, and that in this case is so excellent, that we can do no less than advise every reader to lose no time in obtaining 'A Dark Night's Work.'

AMELIA WILHELMINA SIEVEKING.*

THE unselfish and earnest spirit which actuated Miss Sieveking in her labours for the amelioration of the position of her sex and for the provision of the poor, deserves, in our opinion, a permanent record. Such a purpose this volume is doubtless intended to serve. But the very anxieties of its author to attain this result have defeated the object of the work. No pains have been spared in the collection of facts. It is by no means ill written, and incidentally we may say it is exceedingly well translated. But it is far too long. From the five hundred pages which compose the book, half at least should have been remorselessly shorn off before its publication. The most popular biographies have been invariably the briefest. Boswell's 'Johnson' may be cited as an exception. That, however, has an interest independent of its object, and is, moreover, a *dilettante* history of the period, containing allusions to men of whom we can hardly read too much.

Amelia Wilhelmina Sieveking was born at Hamburg in 1794. She was one of a numerous family. Her mother died when Amelia was but five years old. The family council which followed on the decease consigned her to the care of an aunt, by whom she was educated. Society in the free cities, which more than any other forbade class distinctions, was an admirable medium for the development of the domestic affections. In this school Amelia Sieveking was so apt a scholar, that speedily she became one of the most prominent of its

teachers. Extending the area of her influence and her example beyond the circle of her immediate friends, she founded schools, organised societies, and established institutions with the object of conferring independence on her sex, of providing healthy habitations for the poor, and education for the children of the indigent. Others, since then, have wrought in the same field, but she was a pioneer in the good work. The practical result she achieved by the union of everyday sense with deep sincerity and the most indefatigable labour, became at once an example and an encouragement to her rivals and her successors.

Her first effort, in conjunction with some other ladies, was the foundation of a school for poor children in her native city. This experiment proved so successful, that she consigned the advanced pupils to more experienced tutors, and thus was enabled to receive an addition to her junior classes. The school, of which she was the main support, became permanently established, and rapidly grew into importance. While thus engaged in scholastic duties, the cholera, which then swept over Europe, reached Hamburg. At variance with the advice of her friends, and with many misgivings from the medical staff, she became a nurse in the hospital. Witnessing her usefulness, her friends rendered aid instead of opposition, and the doctors were eager to acknowledge the value of her services. Not until the disease had abandoned its virulence did she forsake her post of duty. She improved her position by an intimacy with the physicians, who became warm assistants in her future enterprises for the public good. In 1832 she organised an association for the frequent and regular visitation of the poor. At its commencement it consisted of only thirteen members, and its receipts were limited to 103*l*. In course of time it became the foundation for many other benevolent projects. A public sale of articles manufactured by the poor was among the first of these schemes. A seminary was soon afterwards added for the training of governesses. The pupils were selected from the children of parents of good social position, but in reduced circumstances. The scheme, after all, required only tact in its development, as the teachers were inculcated by the designer with her own benevolence, and rendered their services without remuneration. With much difficulty, conquered by the same earnest feeling relieving itself in active work, she was successful in obtaining gratuitously from the city authorities a site for the erection of 'model lodging houses.' A donation of 190*l*. from a wealthy friend, added to a sum which Dr. Morant had collected for a children's hospital, sufficed for the buildings. A portion of the establishment was assigned to Dr. Morant for this purpose, in consideration of his gift. In addition to these responsibilities, Miss Sieveking, while conscientiously refusing additional work, which might interfere with her other duties, consented to be elected as a member of an association for the care of discharged convicts. These benevolent labours, almost as a matter of course, inspired emulation among benevolent persons in other towns. To aid the good work, Miss Sieveking visited her distant coadjutors to give advice or to lend the strength of her reputation. At Bremen she addressed an influential assembly, and at a gathering at Berlin for a similar purpose she spoke extempore for upwards of an hour. At the invitation of Queen Caroline of Denmark — her close friend — she travelled to Copenhagen to render assistance in the establishment of similar institutions in that city. Under every circumstance she was always equal to the occasion. The great fire which almost devastated her native city was an instance. In that dire event her coolness, her common sense, her provision for the sufferers, were usefully conspicuous. And so she worked on until her decease, which happened on the first of April four years ago. That she was a woman of striking genius cannot be fairly said; but that she was blest with that most valuable of all possessions, common sense, cannot be disputed. We conclude our notice with two extracts from her letters — one which shows her contentment with her single life; the other, her condem-

nation of one or two foibles which, time out of mind, have been assigned as the peculiar property of the fairer sex: —

'Since the first deep anguish of my life, the death of him whose name you bear, how many, alas! have followed him! Yet I do not feel myself lonely, and I hope never to feel so. My employment connects me by strong ties with a younger generation, and, though many of these ties are loosened by death, by distance, and other circumstances, I yet think that the remaining ones will suffice to deprive my old age of the sting which in my youth I used to look forward to with most dread, as belonging to an old maid's lot — I mean the melancholy feeling of having no one to love and to care for one. I used to be terrified by the almost universal assumption that such *must* be the lot of unmarried women; and I may truly say that, ever since that time, I have more or less distinctly felt it to be my vocation to give the world a proof to the contrary, to show that the single state may be for my own sex a hallowed condition and full of blessing, and therefore also may be rendered a very happy one.'

Our last extract is Miss Sieveking's opinion of the abilities of 'woman': —

'I believe in the powers of woman as I do in those of man, although they are differently modified. All that is required is, first, that woman should know her own faculties, and then that they should be guided aright, so that in their proper field they may take the form of real practical activity. Besides the tendency to frivolity already alluded to, which is by far the most prevalent error, there are two others that I specially fear for my own sex — that of an idle religion of sentiment, which is often connected with a strong inclination to unfruitful speculations, and leads to enthusiasm or narrow-hearted exclusiveness; on the other hand, that of a restless desire to be doing, which under mistaken guidance intrudes itself into some province for which it has neither vocation nor ability, — such as I particularly consider politics to be. In saying this I have especially in view the case of women of the middle class; but I believe that even for ladies of the highest rank the greatest possible caution is advisable in any interference with politics.

'May I venture to name one thing more, which seems to me a great hindrance to real, well-grounded progress in our sex? It is the immoderate love of talking which prevails, I may say, among the majority of women. You will perhaps think I am too severe upon my own sex, and it is possible that I deserve such a reproach; but at least I am convinced that this severity of judgment does not lessen my love for them.'

Even in her death she attempted to inculcate a lesson and defeat a prejudice. Although entombed in the family vault of the Sievekings, her body was, by her direction, enclosed in a pauper coffin and borne to its grave by paupers.

LETTY HYDE'S LOVERS.*

THOSE who like a love story, and who imagine from its title that this is one, will be disappointed. Mr. Grant gives us elaborate pictures of the time of which he writes, and introduces us again to well-known characters of history. We are told of the libertinism of Louis XV., the pomposity of Madame Pompadour, and the fastidiousness of our Horace Walpole, but no new facts concerning any of them are brought to light to give historical weight to the book. The story is in the form of an autobiography. The narrator, Lieut. Godfrey Lauriston, is one of a party of officers of the Household Brigade, who are quartered in the Tower of London in April 1742. In the first chapter, we have a conversation between these gentlemen, who are discussing an order just received for them to proceed to foreign service.

* Letty Hyde's Lovers; or the Household Brigade. By James Grant. 1863.

* The Life of Amelia Wilhelmina Sieveking. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

Our hero is in love, and we soon learn that his friend and countryman, the Earl of Drumlanrig, who is Captain-lieut. of the regiment, the 3rd Foot Guards, is also in love with the same lady. The Lieutenant however seeks an interview with Letty, and hears from her that she returns Lord Drumlanrig's affection. But his mother, the proud Duchess of Queensbury, has other views for her son. She wishes him to marry Lady Elizabeth Hope, a reigning belle. To further her views regarding Lady Elizabeth, she does all she can to encourage Lauriston's suit with Letty Hyde, who is a *protégée* and relation of hers. Lauriston is in ignorance of his regiment's future destination, and while yet in London he rescues a young Frenchman, named Count D'Auterroche, an officer of the French guards, from a notorious bully and villain at a gambling house. This villain is one Falshaw, who is said to be a son of the late King George I. by a German mistress. He is described as one of the dangerous fighting bullies of the last century, and although his character as a black-leg is well known, he obtains a commission in a regiment called 'Batteran's Foot.' This regiment is also ordered for foreign service. Our hero goes to Flanders, to fight for Maria Theresa, and before leaving London he sees Letty once more. She has been ignominiously expelled the house of her patroness the duchess, on a discovery of her love for her son the earl.

Meantime the 3rd Foot Guards have arrived at Brussels. Here Falshaw the bully, gets up a quarrel with Ensign Ruthven, a young officer in Lauriston's regiment. He calls him out, and shoots him dead, to the great horror and indignation of our hero, who deals him a severe blow, which renders him senseless. On his recovery, he shows an intense hatred of Lauriston, and endeavours to injure him by every means in his power. Lauriston is selected by Lord Panmure, the first major, to take a message to Frankfurt. He has an interview with the Emperor Francis I., who receives him with the greatest condescension. On his return, he performs an act of great bravery, but is nearly lost by the treachery of Falshaw, who sends him on a dangerous mission in a boat, purposely damaged. He then visits the French camp, where he meets his old friend, Count D'Auterroche. The battle of Dettingen now ensues, and the English gain a complete victory. Our hero now goes through a variety of adventures, and at last is thrown into the prison of Loches, for daring to love a young lady who was beloved by Louis XV. This lady is the sister of Count D'Auterroche, and the wicked king is endeavouring to make her one of his mistresses. Lauriston receives a letter from his friend, Drumlanrig, before he goes into the prison. He is discovered in the act of reading it, and it is supposed to be some secret communication. He is therefore taken from his cell and chained to another prisoner, whom he finds is Falshaw, his old enemy. Falshaw had robbed and murdered a young girl, whom he had seduced, and the robbery only being proved, he is condemned to the prison of Loches for life. By dint of great ingenuity, Lauriston escapes from the prison, and meets Louis, the king, in a midnight hunt. He is so fortunate as to save the life of Madame Pompadour, who accompanies the king, and whose horse takes fright. For this service the king pardons him, although he recognises him as his rival. He leaves France, and at once proceeds to the house of his friend, Lord Drumlanrig. There he is informed that the Duchess has succeeded in marrying her son to Lady Elizabeth Hope. He hears also that Letty Hyde has married a brother of the villain Falshaw. Lord Drumlanrig shortly finds him out, and he, with his wife, and our hero, go into the country for rest from the gaieties of London. Here, at a pretty village, the two friends, leaving the countess at the inn, take a walk, and suddenly come upon Letty Hyde. An explanation naturally ensues, when it appears that Lord Drumlanrig has been cheated by his mother, that their letters have been intercepted, and that Letty is not married, but is gaining a livelihood as governess to the rector's children. The unfortunate earl

returns to the countess, and, on their way home, shoots himself in the carriage at her side. Lauriston eventually marries Letty.

ST. BERNARD AND HIS TIMES.*

ST. BERNARD was born in the year 1091, the son of a brave knight, the vassal and friend of the Duke of Burgundy. His father was distinguished by his piety no less than by his valour. He never took up arms except against the enemies of his own land or of his feudal lord. He disdained to draw his sword in a private quarrel; and on an occasion when he had been drawn into one, he withdrew from the contest, though certain of victory, being overpowered with the feeling that such strife was radically wrong. Alith, his wife — earnest, loving, and devout, — was a fitting partner for such a man, and to her St. Bernard, who, like most distinguished men, owed most of his real training to his mother, looked up with reverent affection. The early days of the youth of the future saint were, in their way, times of great religious excitement. When he was quite a little child, Peter the Hermit and Pope Urban II. were stirring up all Europe to the first crusade. The privations of such an enterprise were overlooked or disregarded in the fierce excitement of religious zeal; all classes joined in the movement, all strove to take part in the Holy War. The only fear was lest they should be left behind, unable to share in the blessed pilgrimage. 'From the powerful baron with his retainers down to the subdued and humble serf, all had a common tendency and hope. "Christ had thundered through the minds of all," and the only fear was that of being the last on the road. An odd and yet touching sight was afforded by the conduct of many of the ignorant poor. Harnessing their oxen to their farm carts, they placed therein their goods and little ones, and started in all simplicity for the Holy City. Bad were the roads then, and long the journey, even from province to province. Slowly moving and creaking over marsh and moor, as town or castle rose in sight, the children would ask, "Is that the Jerusalem we are going to?"'

When Bernard was about nineteen years of age, his mother died. The choice of a calling lay before him. What was it to be? His elder brothers were knights like their father, doing their duty manfully, following and fighting in the train of the feudal lord. And such were the employments of all who followed the only secular career open to one of gentle birth in those days. They who were nobly born and felt such lives distasteful, had no resource but to adopt in some shape or other the religious profession. The cold, still life of a monastery would seem at the first glance to possess no charms for those who would have to leave for it the glittering court or the proud castle; but when we consider that it was the only alternative from a life of contest and continued struggle, who can wonder if it should attract the gentler and more reasoning minds. Nor was he the only member of his family who sought such a retreat. His brothers, Bartholomew and Andrew, both younger than himself; his brother Gerard, a bold knight; and even his eldest brother Guido, who was married and had children — all influenced by the magic spell of his earnest entreaties, joined with him and retired into seclusion within the walls of Cîteaux. This monastery, governed by an Englishman of the name of Stephen Harding, was renowned for the severity of its discipline; but Bernard found the austerity even of this rule insufficient to satisfy his spirit of self-mortification. He practised still more rigid discipline; he endured and inflicted on himself still greater austerities. When from bodily weakness he could not join in the hard manual labour of the monks, he betook himself to 'other and more menial offices, that he might supply by humility his deficiency in labour.' Who could wonder if, the

very year after he had professed as a monk, he was selected by his abbot to be the head of a new monastery? With twelve companions he was solemnly sent forth from Cîteaux. The humble band proceeded on foot, guided by Bernard, cross in hand. Nearly a hundred miles from the parent monastery they discovered a suitable site in the gloomy valley of Clairvaux. As soon as they had determined on the spot, they began to look for means of shelter and sustenance.

The rude fabric which he and his monks raised with their own hands, was long preserved by the pious veneration of the Cistercians. It consisted of a building covered by a single roof, under which chapel, dormitory, and refectory were all included. Neither stone nor wood hid the bare earth, which served for floor. Windows, scarcely wider than a man's hand, admitted a feeble light. In this room the monks took their frugal meals of herbs and water. Immediately above the refectory was the sleeping apartment. It was reached by a ladder, and was in truth a sort of loft. Here were the monks' beds, which were peculiar. They were made in the form of boxes, or bins of wooden planks, long and wide enough for a man to lie down in. A small space, hewn out with an axe, allowed room for the sleeper to get in or out. The inside was strewn with chaff, or dried leaves, which, with the wood-work, seem to have been the only covering permitted.

The lot of the infant monastery was cast among poverty and hardships. During the first winter the privations of the monks were so severe that their endurance almost failed them, and all Bernard's influence was taxed to the uttermost. Better days, however, were at hand. The monastery prospered; fresh inmates flocked to it, and Bernard's ability both as a preacher and a writer became recognised. He was, indeed, one of the most indefatigable of letter writers; his letters were addressed to persons of all classes, on all subjects, 'from kings and princesses down to poor virgins — on subjects ranging from the welfare of the soul down to the stealing of pigs.' In all his letters we find the proofs of a high and noble spirit. 'I a powerful neighbour, such as Theobald, the great Count of Champagne, had oppressed a dependent, Bernard was ready to write and intercede on his behalf. But when this mighty feudal chief asked him to procure ecclesiastical patronage for his fourth son, who was still an infant, he firmly but courteously refused. 'I consider,' he said, 'that ecclesiastical honours are only due to those who can and will, by God's help, worthily fill them. For either you or me to procure such for your little son by means of our prayers, I consider, would be an act of injustice in you, and of imprudence in me. If this appears to be a hard saying to you, and you are still bent on carrying out your intention, you must be so good as to excuse me.'

If troubles and scandals occurred in a monastery, the sympathy of the Abbot of Clairvaux was shown in wise advice full of considerate plans for the welfare of the offender. Again, when the Pope himself had sanctioned or permitted abuses which grieved Bernard's soul, he did not hesitate to raise his voice against them with all his power. Writing to Pope Innocent II. he says, 'I speak boldly because I love faithfully; there is but one voice among our faithful bishops which declares that justice is vanishing from the church; that the power of the keys is gone; that episcopal authority is dwindling away; that a bishop can no longer redress wrongs, nor chastise iniquity, however great, even in his own diocese; and the blame of all this they lay on you and the Roman court. What they ordain aright, you annul; what they justly abolish, that you re-establish.' The letter, which is a long one, proceeds in the same strain, and we must bear in mind that this was the language of one eminent in devotion, who spared no efforts of his own on behalf of the Papal see, who was one of the main instruments in healing the schism which at that time threatened to lay the throne of St. Peter in the dust.

* The Life and Times of Saint Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, A.D. 1091—1153. By James Cotter Morison, M.A. London: Chapman & Hall. 1863.

The influence of such a man spread far and wide. The Archbishop of Canterbury sought his assistance to proffer his excuses to the Pope when he was prevented from going to Rome to answer an unjust accusation. The Queen of Jerusalem, Kings of France, Italy, and Britain, ecclesiastics without number, sought advice and counsel. Again and again he was compelled to set forth, to leave the retirement of his beloved Clairvaux to assist the Pope against his enemies, to confute the great 'heretic' Abelard, to bring about the extinguishment of heresy in Languedoc, to allay the horrible strife between the burghers of Metz and the neighbouring nobles, and to preach the second crusade. It is by this last mentioned undertaking that Bernard is most generally known, but it was neither the most acceptable occupation to him, nor the most successful act of his life. Great enthusiasm was aroused, great hopes were excited, and when great misfortunes followed, as they could scarcely help following on an expedition so difficult in its nature and so badly planned, the public opinion of the time accused Bernard of the failure. Bernard, who never cared much for public opinion, if he but did what was justified to him by the answer of his own conscience, felt the failure deeply, but not on personal grounds. He had his own sorrows on the subject, and high and deep they were. The fact that men vilified and despised his name, which they formerly loved, was a small and unimportant matter, and did not require much notice in such a time of trial.

Other griefs had smitten him heavily: the loss of friends and the death of his brother Gerard, whom he loved with a passionate devotion, which all the austerity and self-repression of a conventual rule could not extinguish; and he retired to Clairvaux, that home which he had never willingly left, and to which, when absent, he never failed to send greetings of affection. The following is an extract from a letter written to his monks during one of his long wanderings:—

'Judge from yourselves what my sufferings are. If my absence is painful to you, let no one doubt that it is more painful to me. For the loss you experience in my single absence is not to be compared with mine, when I am deprived of all of you. As many as there are of you, so many cares do I feel; from each one I grieve to be separated; for each do I fear dangers.'

And this is a good specimen of the kindly honest love he bore to those under his care. Mr. Morison truly sums up his character in these words:—

'To us, looking back on Bernard through a vista of seven centuries, he appears as one of the great active minds of his age—commanding kings, compelling nations, influencing and directing the men and things among which he lived; in a word, one of the statesmen of history. And in truth he was all this. The twelfth century would have had another aspect if he had never lived. But it must not be forgotten that this external, mundane activity was an accident, an appendix, as it were, to his true career, to the career which he had chosen for himself. The central impulse of his being, the spring-head from which flowed the manifold streams of his public acts, had no necessary connection with the outer world of men and events. He was, by intention and inclination, a prayerful monk, doubtful and anxious about the state of his soul, striving to work out his salvation with fear and trembling here on earth. The highest good he knew of, the ideal of Christian faith as he had been taught it, this was what inflamed his heart, nerved his will, and braced his energies of mind and body to the extremest tension. To him and to his contemporaries this ideal was realised in the life of a pious monk; and a pious monk it was his desire above all things to be. That he failed to obtain the perfection at which he aimed, no one would have been more ready to acknowledge than himself. But that he also succeeded better than most, is proved by the concurrent testimony of his own and after ages.'

THE FATE OF A YEAR.*

THE comparative paucity of English novels relating exclusively to the middle class has been the occasion of frequent remark. 'The Fate of a Year' is at least one praiseworthy attempt towards supplying the deficiency. Evidences of the inexperience of the author are at times too apparent; but they are the inexperience common to all early efforts, which time and practice will remove. 'The Fate of a Year' is very well written, and possesses considerable interest, and we are much mistaken if another work from the same pen will not prove vastly superior to its predecessor.

Although the incidents related are numerous and varied, the story whence they spring is of the simplest kind. The family of the Liscards, who play prominent parts in the tale, live at an old farmhouse called Earnsford Royal. Simon Liscard is a miserly bachelor, of great age, residing with a nephew, Algernon, and the son and daughter of another nephew deceased, named respectively Reyner and Veronica. An accident brings the latter acquainted with George Elishaw, the son of a wealthy slate merchant, who rescues her from a position of great peril, and an intimacy ensues between the young people. The old man Simon, whose mind is vigorous to the last, exercises a kind of tyrannous dominion over the household, as they are uncertain to whom he will bequeath his wealth. He dies at length, and after providing for his nephew Algernon, the great bulk of his property is unexpectedly inherited by his grandnephew Reyner, who had, up to that time, been little more than a labourer on the farm. We are now introduced to the household of the Brandistones. The head of the family is a man of doubtful character, his only certain means of living being derived from an income settled on his second wife. No sooner does he hear of the suddenly acquired wealth of the rough Reyner Liscard, than he designs an union between him and Agatha, his daughter by a first marriage. Reyner has casually met the young lady, and though he has hardly spoken, loves her with all the force of his rough heart. Her affections have been previously engaged by a second admirer, Tresham de Rivaux, a close friend of George Elishaw, and the last descendant of a noble family, whose estates adjoin her father's lands. He is miserably poor, endeavouring by economy and management to pay off the heavy incumbrances with which his ancestors have charged his property; Brandistone, therefore, has refused his suit. Reyner in due time proposes, and Agatha, under the most violent threats from her father, gives a reluctant assent. But, at the earliest opportunity, the distracted girl avows to her doting lover her consuming passion for Tresham. She tells him beside of the cruel indignities she is made to suffer, and throws herself unreservedly on his generosity. The appeal is not made in vain. Reyner visits his rival, and, mastering his own passion, determines to aid their plans. For a time all goes smoothly on, until Tresham, in an endeavour to remove a wilful boy, a nephew of his friend George Elishaw, from a dangerous position to which he had climbed on a tottering stone wall, saves the boy, but is himself overwhelmed by the falling mass. He is extricated and conveyed to his home. There he lingers for a few days, but at length dies, leaving the remnant of his fortune to his beloved Agatha. She never recovers the shock, is seized with violent fever, and, to the great grief of Reyner, who surrounds her with every comfort, dies also. Reyner henceforward lives a bachelor life in Earnsford Royal, while his sister Veronica becomes the wife of George Elishaw.

We have given only the leading incidents of this very good story, leaving the minor details to be enjoyed by our readers in their perusal of the novel. We have omitted mention of many characters which are carefully individualised in the book, and which add materially to the interest of the plot.

* The Fate of a Year. By Miss Sarah Stredder. London: C. J. Skeet. 1863.

SHORT NOTICES.

Seizure by the Japanese of Mr. Moss, and His Treatment by the Consul-General. London: Ridgway.

THIS is an account, published by Mr. Moss, of an outrage to which he was subjected while resident in Japan, with a relation of his vain efforts to obtain redress. On his return from shooting, a practice which had been long tolerated if not openly allowed, Mr. Moss was surrounded by a party of natives who menaced him with threatening gestures. Mr. Moss, pointing his gun from his hip, warned the Japanese away. He was, however, suddenly seized from behind and deprived of his weapon, which, being subsequently discharged in the mêlée, wounded one of his assailants in the arm. An immediate amputation was necessary to save the man's life, but in Japan no surgical operation which involves the loss of a limb can be performed without the consent of the government. Before the necessary permission could arrive, the wounded man died. Mr. Moss was accused of his murder, and flung into a Japanese prison. Thence he was rescued by the interference of the Vice-Consul, and shortly afterwards a public investigation was held, at which Mr. Alecock, the Consul-General, presided. By the decision of this tribunal, Mr. Moss was fined 250*l.*, deported from Japan, and sentenced to be confined for three months in the prison of Hong-Kong. Through an informality in the necessary documents, Mr. Moss obtained his discharge after one week's imprisonment. He then directly brought an action against Mr. Alecock in the civil court, and recovered damages, but only for his illegal detention. Mr. Moss now demands compensation from the English government for the loss and damage he sustained from proceedings which, he insists, were unjust from their commencement. He declares, and cites corroborative testimony, that the gun with which he was accused of shooting the Japanese was not discharged till after it had been forcibly taken from his possession. The English community in Japan have evinced their belief in this statement by subscribing among themselves to repay Mr. Moss the amount of the fine in which he was amerced. Mr. Moss, who has been completely ruined by these unfortunate occurrences, has published this pamphlet in the hope that the publicity thus given to his account of the facts may induce the government to institute a further inquiry into the matter.

The Anthropological Review, and Journal of the Anthropological Society. (May.) London: Trübner & Co.

WE have before us the first number of the 'Anthropological Review.' We believe that, in many respects, such a journal is at present a desideratum. We have no other publication which occupies the same department in literature to which this review is specially devoted. Its programme embraces some of the most interesting problems which can possibly engage the attention either of the philosopher or man of science. The questions which it undertakes to solve are fraught with the deepest interest, both to the sage and the philanthropist—to the man of thought and the man of action. No department of knowledge can be of greater import than that which is comprised in the philosophy and natural history of man.

The aims, therefore, of this review are large and comprehensive. It promises to discuss, in a free and candid spirit, all subjects connected with the philosophy of man 'in all his leading aspects, physical, mental, and historical; and to ascertain his place in nature and his relations to the inferior forms of life.' The functions, therefore, which this journal has assumed, are serious and solemn in their character. It will certainly merit the support of every lover of truth, if, in the spirit of true philosophy, it endeavours to attain its object 'by patient investigation, careful induction, and

the encouragement of all researches tending to establish a *de facto* science of man.

Several of the original articles, in this first number, are written in a candid and philosophic spirit, such as at all times becomes the earnest scientific enquirer. We regret, however, to perceive that one or two papers display not only crudeness of thought, but give unmistakable signs of a narrow and unphilosophic intolerance. Bigotry is not always confined to orthodoxy; and it is fully as offensive in the *savant* as it is in the theologian.

We cannot notice in detail the merits of the different papers. In a closing paragraph, we would specially commend Captain Burton's article, entitled 'A Day with the Funs.' The accounts which other travellers have recently given of the Funs, or cannibal tribes of the Gaboon country, excited so much general attention, that Captain Burton's life-like and vivid descriptions of these savages are peculiarly valuable and interesting. Were all the contributors to this journal possessed of Captain Burton's rare descriptive powers, we are sure that its circulation would not be confined to the ranks of the professed anthropologists.

We can only add, that one of the most valuable sections of this review is that which contains a report of the transactions and discussions of the recently instituted Anthropological Society.

A New Method of Studying Foreign Languages.
By Dr. EDWARD PICK. London: Trübner & Co. 1863.

THIS is a most suggestive book. We do not mean to imply that the system which it so lucidly propounds would, in all its details, be thoroughly practicable. At the same time we believe that no intelligent teacher could read the work without obtaining both information and suggestions that would be peculiarly valuable to him as an educator.

No one particular system can be slavishly adopted by the practical tutor. The great mistake of all educational theorists, is to assume that their own particular system can be carried out, in all its minutiae, under every condition and circumstance. The author of this little book, is not altogether free from this error. The most important feature it presents is, as we have indicated, its thoughtful suggestiveness. On this account, therefore, we unhesitatingly commend it to the notice of all teachers of languages.

Like every one who has written on French grammar, Dr. Pick believes that he has discovered a method by which the difficulties, encountered in the study of the gender of French substantives are greatly obviated. We can only say that we believe Dr. Pick's rules and arrangement are as simple and lucid as those of any other writer with whom we are acquainted. We apprehend, however, that, despite all simplification and arrangement, the real difficulties connected with the gender of French nouns, can only be overcome by the old-fashioned system of downright, plodding perseverance. Though on this point the book contains little that can be called new, we gladly admit that the author, in the second part, displays a large acquaintance both with philology and comparative grammar. On the whole, we consider his method sound and rational.

A QUOTATION FROM SHAKESPEARE.

I WAS lately one of a party, when the conversation turned on the ever fertile subject of Shakspeare. One of the speakers expatiated largely on the comprehensive loving spirit of the poet, and, as a proof that Shakspeare recognised a common brotherhood in all mankind, he cited the often-quoted line:

'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'

'Thus it is,' quoth he, 'our bard perceives that, by artificial circumstances of rank and fortune, we may be severed from each other; but let the chord of nature once be struck, and one flings aside his

purse, another his ermined mantle, that all may rush alike to the focus of common humanity.'

Of course, a murmur of applause followed this speech, though I am not aware there was one among the company who would have flung aside anything that he valued for the sake of rushing anywhere. When the applause had subsided, with all becoming rapidity, a disagreeable-looking little man challenged the orator to name the play in which the famous line was to be found.

The orator was vague. He thought the line might possibly be in 'Hamlet,' as that great philosophical play comprehended everything. Still it might occur in the 'Tempest,' because the 'Tempest' was a mythus of human life in general, and in such a mythus such a line would be most appropriate. Nor was his mind closed to the conviction that it might be found in 'Antony and Cleopatra,' indicating that, different as were the Roman and the Egyptian, still, as members of the great family of man, there was a relationship between them which one touch of nature could raise from a potential to an energetic existence.

'Potential—energetic—great family,' ejaculated the little man; 'great family of humbug! All the fine words you have uttered simply mean that you know nothing about the matter. The line in question, although commonly quoted, is to be found in Shakspeare's least familiar play, "Troilus and Cressida."'

"I am much obliged to you for the information," said the orator.

'No,' replied the disagreeable-looking little man; "you are not obliged to me at all. As the fox without his tail wished other foxes to be tailless, so would you like to see every one reduced to your own level of ignorance. However, permit me to quote a portion of the speech in which the line occurs. It is put into the mouth of Ulysses, who is exhorting Achilles not to place too much reliance on a reputation already acquired, nor, in consequence, to abandon the Greeks on account of his quarrel with Agamemnon:—

"Time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. Oh let not virtue seek

Remuneration for the thing it was!

For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted."

'Now, ye lovers of humanity,' proceeded the little man, 'have the goodness to observe that our poet, when he wrote the grievously misapplied line, had not the remotest notion of teaching those Cains and Abels, who constitute the fraternity of mankind, that they were bound by the links of a common affection whether *in posse* or *in actu*. He simply meant to say that people were all alike in this one quality—this one "touch of nature"—that they liked present show better than past desert. He was actually pointing out a defect, a baseness, when you fancy he was indulging in a maudlin spirit of philanthropy.'

Thinking it possible that more persons than one might be enlightened by the remarks of the disagreeable little man, I have committed them to paper.

BLATTÄ.

GOSSIP.

ONE effect of the Polish insurrection has been to bring all the various Russian journals over to the side of the Government. All shades of opinion concur in hostility towards the Poles. The newspapers teem with reports from various Polish dis-

tricts, and all other matter is much condensed. The reports printed are all unfavourable to the insurgents, and the battles always appear to result in the invariable loss of one Cossack, while enormous loss is inflicted upon the enemy. All the news from the seat of war, however, is not always given, the editor sometimes appending a note, that he has been obliged to omit certain portions for obvious reasons.

The Hon. H. S. Maine, author of 'Ancient Law,' has been appointed Vice-Chancellor of the University of Calcutta.

From a statement in one of the New York papers, we learn that upwards of three thousand books and pamphlets respecting the American war have already been issued from the press.

In consequence of the scarcity of paper in America during the winter, the publication of newspapers in the Western States has been frequently suspended. When they occasionally appeared on unexpected pressure of news, they were printed on any grey or brown paper that could be secured in the emergency.

An illustrated book has recently been published in Paris, descriptive of the coronation of the present Emperor of Russia. Forty copies were printed, at a cost, it is said, of thirty thousand pounds.

Mr. Davis, author of 'Leaves from our Cypress and our Oak,' a volume of poems, on the 'Death of Prince Albert and the Marriage of the Prince of Wales,' has been presented by Her Majesty with a handsome gold medal in recognition of his ability.

Prince Oscar Frederic, heir-apparent to the crown of Sweden and Norway, must be added to the list of royal authors. He has just published a volume of naval songs, which are commended by Swedish and Norwegian critics.

Sir Charles Lyell's next work will be a revised and enlarged edition of his 'Elements of Geology.'

One of the latest pieces of intelligence from Nice is, that Sir E. B. Lytton nearly suffered death by cremation, from indulging in the very injudicious habit of reading in bed. The consequence was, a small conflagration, which had the effect of seriously burning a part of the novel he was perusing, and more than half of the hon. baronet's whiskers. It is stated that when the danger was over, one of the chambermaids of the inn rushed down stairs, screaming, 'Oh! mon Dieu! le grand auteur Anglais a failli être brûlé dans son lit — mais, il a perdu ses favoris.'

The popular novel of 'Barren Honour' has been republished in a six-shilling form, by the Messrs. Tinsley, thus adapting the book for a permanent place on the bookshelves of those who have already perused it through the medium of the libraries. No works of fiction of late years have had greater influence on the present generation than those by the author of 'Guy Livingstone.' He details his perfect knowledge of society and of human life in such a manner, as at once to be admitted into the confidence of his readers, whose ear he holds as though he were a familiar friend. 'Barren Honour' has been so widely read, as to render a reference to its republication alone necessary for the information of our readers.

Australian papers state that Mr. R. H. Horne, the author of 'Orion,' and 'The New Spirit of the Age,' is preparing for the press an epic poem on the journey of exploration and tragic end of Wills and Burke.

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